THE NAVAHO

HOME LIFE, ARTS, AND BELIEFS

THE Navaho are a pastoral, semi-nomadic people whose activities centre in their flocks and small farms. Their reservation of more than fourteen thousand square miles is the desert plateau region of northern Arizona and New Mexico. Its mesas and low mountains are sparsely covered with piñon and cedar, and on the higher levels are small but beautiful forests of pine. Back and forth in all parts of this vast region the Navaho drive their flocks. At the season when the slight rainfall produces even scant pasturage on the desert plains the flocks are pastured there; but as the grass becomes seared by the summer sun and exhausted from pasturing, the flocks are taken into the mountains, where the shade of the pines lends grateful coolness. Again, as the deep snows of winter come, the sheep and goats are driven down to the wooded mesas, where there is little snow and an abundance of fuel, of which there is none on the plains. And so, year in, year out, the flocks slowly drift back and forth from plain to mesa and from mesa to mountain.

While the Navaho leads a wandering life, the zone of his movements is surprisingly limited; indeed the average Navaho's personal knowledge of his country is confined to a radius of not more than fifty miles. The family usually has three homes, the situation of which is determined by the necessities of life. Near their summer home they cultivate small crops of corn and vegetables in narrow, sandy washes, where by deep planting sufficient moisture is insured to mature the crop. In a few sections small farming is conducted by means of irrigation. In Cañon de Chelly, which may be termed the garden spot of the reservation, there are diminutive farms and splendid peach orchards irrigated with freshet water. The cañon drains an extensive region, and even a light rain causes the stream which flows at the base of its lofty walls to become swollen. This water the natives divert to their miniature cornfields and orchards, one or two freshets assuring good crops.

Owing to its lowness and its earth covering, the Navaho house, or

hogán, is the most inconspicuous of habitations. One might ride from morning till night across the reservation and not observe either a hogán or an Indian, although he has no doubt passed within a stone's throw of many of these houses and been peered at by many more dark eyes from brush concealments. At the end of a long day in the saddle the traveller may wonder where the many thousands of Navaho reside; but his inquiry may be answered if he will but climb to the summit of one of the many low mountains and view the panorama as the long shadows of evening are creeping on. Here and there in every direction the thin blue smoke of the campfire may be seen curling upward as these desert people prepare their evening meal. In this clear, rare atmosphere the far distant horizon is the only limit to his vision. Just below, a mile or so away, may perhaps be seen the smoke from a group of half a dozen hogans. Miles beyond is another group, and still beyond another, and so throughout the sweep of vision. These people and their life are delightfully Indian, but slightly influenced by the white man's ways. As the chief human touch of the great southwestern desert the Navaho are the artist's joy, and as a subject for the ethnologist their ceremonial life furnishes limitless material for study.

The handicraft of the Navaho is seen at its best in their blanketry, which is one of the most important industries of any Indians within our domain. The greater portion of the wool from their hundreds of thousands of sheep is used in weaving, and in addition a considerable quantity of commercial yarn is employed for the same purpose. The origin of the textile art among the Navaho is an open question. It is probable that they did not learn it from anyone, but that it developed as a part of their domestic culture. It is contended by some that the early Spanish missionaries taught the Navaho to weave; but why should the white man be accredited with this art? The mummies found in the prehistoric cliff-ruins of the Navaho country are wrapped in cloth finer than any ever produced with a Navaho loom, and no doubt now remains that Pueblo people were incorporated by the Navaho in ancient times.

The blankets made in earlier days, say from fifty to a hundred and fifty years ago, are beautiful examples of primitive handicraft. The body of a so-called bayeta blanket was woven of close-spun native wool, dyed dark blue, while the red pattern was from the ravellings of Spanish bayeta. Much of the beauty of the old blankets is due to the mellowing of the native colors by age, but practically none of these

rare examples are to be found among the Navaho at the present time. The blankets of to-day may be roughly divided into three classes: 1. Those made from the close-spun native yarn dyed in the old colors and woven in the simple old patterns; when aged they closely resemble the old bayeta blankets. 2. Blankets woven in a great variety of designs from coarse, loose-spun yarn dyed with commercial dyes of many shades; these are the Navaho blankets of commerce. 3. Those woven from commercial or "Germantown" yarn; they are of fine texture and sometimes beautiful, but lack interest in that their material is not of Indian production. Fortunately the decrease in the demand for blankets woven of commercial yarn is discouraging their manufacture.

The Navaho woman weaves her blanket not so much for profit as for love of the work. It is her recreation, her means of expressing imagination and her skill in execution. Civilized women may write books, paint pictures, or deliver ringing addresses; these are unknown worlds to the Navaho woman: but when after months of labor she finishes a blanket, her pride in her work of art is indeed well justified.

Because of their pastoral life the Navaho are not villagers. Their dome-shaped, earth-covered hogans are usually grouped two or three in the same locality. The summer house is a rude brush shelter, usually made with four corner posts, a flat top of brush, and a windbreak of the same material as a protection against the hot desert siroccos. The hogán proper, used for storage during the summer, affords a warm and comfortable shelter to its occupants through the cold winters of their high altitude. When a hogán is built it is ceremonially consecrated, and if an occupant should die in it, it is forever deserted and is called *tsíndi hogán,* "evil house." No Navaho will go near such a house or touch anything taken from it. If a meal were cooked with decayed wood from a hogán a hundred years deserted, a Navaho, even if starving, could not be induced to partake of it. Thus strong are the religious beliefs of this primitive people.

The domestic equipment of the Navaho is simplicity itself and reflects the simple life of the tribe. Of household furniture there is none. The bedding consists usually of a few sheepskins; cooking utensils are earthen pots of their own making, and cups, knives, and spoons of civilization. Plates they do not need, as the family eat directly from the pot in which the food is cooked. The principal food is mutton, boiled, and corn prepared in many ways. Considerable flour obtained from traders is consumed; this is leavened slightly and made into small cakes,

which are cooked over the embers like Mexican tortillas.

The women are an important factor in the Navaho tribe. The sheep usually, and the house, with all that pertains to it, always are the property of the wife. The independent spirit of the women, instilled by this incontestable property right, manifests itself throughout the tribe, and by reason of it the Navaho husband is not apt to seek an opportunity to criticise his wife so long as she is in a position to say, "If I and the hogán do not suit you, go elsewhere!" Polygamy is common, but as a rule the wives of one man are sisters, an arrangement conducive to domestic harmony.

Many of the Navaho men are skilled silversmiths. Every well-to-do Navaho possesses a silver belt consisting of a dozen or more wrought oval discs, each about two by three inches, fastened to a leather strap. Such a belt, weighing several pounds, is of course a valuable piece of property. The wearer may also have a broad silver bracelet set with turquoise, a heavy string of silver beads with a massive pendant of the same material, and a pair of deerskin leggings with a row of silver buttons on the outer side. Frequently their horses are gaily bedecked with bridles and saddles heavily weighted with silver ornaments. The long strap over the shoulder, from which the pouch of the medicine-man is suspended, is always studded with silver buttons. Mexican coins, especially the peso, are the principal source of all this silverwork, the Navaho preferring this coin to our own dollar because it is heavier. Buttons and beads also are made from American dimes and twenty-five cent pieces; the small beads from dimes, and the larger ones from two coins of the same value. They learned silversmithing from the Mexicans, but since their first lessons have developed a high degree of individuality in the art. While the metal-work of the Navaho at the present time is practically all in silver, only a few copper objects being made, their earliest work in metal was with iron, and occasionally an example of this is found. The silver and shell bead jewelry of the Navaho is his savings bank. During times of prosperity he becomes the possessor of all the jewelry his means afford, and when poor crops or long winters threaten distress he pawns it at a trader's, so that many of the traders often have thousands of dollars' worth of silverwork and shell beads on hand at one time. The system seems to be a very fair one, and in time of stress is certainly a boon to the impecunious Navaho.

The little pottery made by this people is an undecorated ware

for utilitarian purposes only. For carrying water a gum-coated water bottle of basketry is in general use. Few baskets are made, and these are of but a single pattern — a flattish tray for use in ceremonies. Most of the baskets used by the Navaho in their ceremonies, however, are purchased from neighboring tribes, especially the Havasupai and the Paiute, who weave them primarily for purposes of trade. Such baskets must be of a prescribed pattern, with a break in the design at one side. When the basket is in use this side is always placed toward the east.

Most Navaho ceremonies are conducted, at least primarily, for the purpose of healing disease; and while designated medicine ceremonies, they are, in fact, ritualistic prayers. There are so many of these ceremonies that no student has yet determined their number, which reaches into scores, while the component ritual prayers of some number hundreds. The principal ceremonies are those that require nine days and nine nights in their performance. Of the many now known the names of nine are here given: Kléje Hatál, Night Chant;[1] Tzilhkíchi Hatál, Mountain Chant; Hozhóni Hatál, Happiness Chant; Natói Hatál, Shooting Chant; Toi Hatál, Water Chant; Atsósi Hatál, Feather Chant; Yoi Hatál, Bead Chant; Hochónchi Hatál, Evil-Spirit Chant; Mai Hatál, Coyote Chant. Each is based on a mythic story, and each has four dry-paintings, or so-called altars. Besides these nine days' ceremonies there are others whose performance requires four days, and many simpler ones requiring only a single day, each with its own dry-painting.

The figures shown in the dry-paintings are conventionalized representations of the characters in Navaho mythology and of incidents in the myth. With how many such paintings the Navaho medicine-men are familiar is an unanswered question; but more than sixty have been noted, some of them most elaborate. In making them, the ground within the ceremonial hogán is evenly covered with fine brown earth, upon which the figures are drawn with fine sands and earths of many colors allowed to flow between the thumb and the first two fingers. The Navaho become so skilled in this work that they can draw a line as fine as a broad pencil mark. Many of the paintings are comparatively small, perhaps not more than four feet in diameter; others are as large as the hogán permits, sometimes twenty-four feet across. To make such a large painting requires the assistance of all the men who can

[1] The myth and ritual of this ceremony are given on pages 36-42

conveniently work at it from early morning until mid-afternoon.

The most elaborate ceremonies are conducted between the first frost of autumn and the second moon following the winter solstice. While primarily designed to restore the health of an individual, they are intended also to benefit the entire tribe, many of the prayers being offered for the general welfare of the people rather than for the patient under immediate treatment. Nor, so far as the individual is concerned, is the ceremony designed necessarily for the cure of an acute ailment, but is for the treatment of long-standing chronic afflictions, mental or physical. Especially peculiar is the Navaho belief that many illnesses are the results of fright to which ancestors have been subjected during prenatal life, and long and costly ceremonies are often performed to rid persons of such baneful inheritance. In fact Indians physically normal have submitted to prolonged treatment by their medicine-men when advised by them for such imaginative reasons to submit to it.

The medicine-men, who are termed singers, *hatáli,* are a dominant factor in the Navaho life. Like all primitive people, the Navaho are intensely religious, and the medicine-men, whose function it is to become versed in the mysteries of religion, are ever prone to cultivate in the minds of the people the belief that they are powerful not only in curing disease of mind and body but of preventing it by their incantations. Anyone who possesses the requisite ability may become a medicine-man, but owing to the elaborate ceremonies connected with their practices it requires long years of application ere one can attain sufficient knowledge to give him standing among his tribesmen. To completely master the intricacies of any one of the many nine days' ceremonies requires close application during the major portion of a man's lifetime. The only way a novice has of learning is by assisting the elders in the performance of the rites, and as there is little probability that opportunity will be afforded him to participate in more than two or three ceremonies in a year, his instruction is necessarily slow. The medicine-men recognize the fact that their ritual has been decadent for some time, and they regard it as foreordained that when all the ceremonies are forgotten the world will cease to exist.

The most pronounced dread manifested by the Navaho is that derived from their belief respecting the spirits of the dead. It is thought that the spirit leaves the body at death and travels to a place toward the north where there is a pit whence the gods and the animals emerged from an underworld before the first Navaho were created,

and which the dead now enter. Their myths tell of the disappearance of a beautiful daughter of one of the animal chiefs on the fourth day after the gods and the animals came up into this world; diligent search was unrewarded until two of the searchers looked down through the hole and espied her sitting beside a stream in the lower world combing her hair. Four days later death came to these searchers, so that now the Navaho will go to any extreme to avoid coming into contact with spirits of the dead, *tsíndi,* which they believe travel anywhere and everywhere at will, often doing evil, but never good. The body is prepared for burial previous to death, and is never touched afterward if it can be avoided.

To the end that the spirit may begin aright its journey to the afterworld, the body is taken out of the hogán through an opening specially made in the wall on the northern side, for the doorway always faces the east. The immediate relatives of the deceased avoid looking at the corpse if possible. Friends of the family or distant relations usually take charge of the burial. A couple of men dig a grave on a hillside and carry the body there wrapped in blankets. No monument is erected to mark the spot. Before the body is taken out, the hogán is vacated and all necessary utensils are carried away. The two men who bury the remains of the former occupant carefully obliterate with a cedar bough all footprints that the relations of the deceased may have made in the hogán, in order to conceal from the departed spirit the direction in which they went should it return to do them harm. The premises are completely abandoned and the house often burned. Never will a Navaho occupy a *tsíndi hogán*, and when travelling at night he will take a roundabout trail in order to avoid one. Formerly horses were killed at the grave. So recently as 1906 a horse was sacrificed within sight of a Catholic mission on the reservation, that its spirit might accompany that of a dead woman to the afterworld. This horse was the property of the woman, and her husband, fearing to retain it, yet not daring to kill it himself, called upon another to do so.

HISTORY

Although raiders and plunderers since known to history, the Navaho cannot be designated a warring tribe, for however courageous

they may be, their lack of political integrity has ever been an obstacle to military organization. They never have had a tribal chief, properly so called, while their many leading men could never command more than a small following. Manuelito, who was acclaimed head-chief in 1855 at the conference with Governor Meriwether for the purpose of negotiating a treaty, probably had a greater following than any other Navaho in historic times, but he could never have relied on a majority of the warriors of his widely scattered tribe. Although divided into many bands, like the Apache, the Navaho, unlike them, were not engaged in ceaseless depredation, their sporadic raids having been conducted by small parties quite independent of any organized tribal movement. They preferred rather to follow a pastoral life. With their large population, had they possessed the Apache's insatiable desire for war and a political organization that permitted concerted action, the subjugation of the Southwest would have been far more difficult than it proved to be.

While the statement is made that the Navaho were never a warlike people, it must not be presumed that they never caused our Government trouble. Those familiar with the Navaho admire their admire their energy, industry, independence, and cheerful disposition, and their ability to attack the problems of life in a way that no other wandering tribe has exercised. On the other hand, cunning and trickery are among their characteristics, and they are expert horse-thieves. With the Indian, as well as with civilized man, honesty may be interpreted in various ways. If one should leave his camp equipage unprotected in a tent, it would be entirely safe from all except the renegade, already recognized by his people as a thief. But if one should turn his back and later find that his horse had been run off by a Navaho in the hope of being rewarded for returning it, the tribesmen of the raider would regard him as one whose cunning should be emulated.

For a long period prior to the acquisition from Mexico of the territory now forming the northern portion of Arizona and New Mexico, which, since first known, has been occupied in part by the Navaho, the tribe had been in the habit of making raids on the New Mexican Indian pueblos and the white settlements along the Rio Grande, chiefly for the capture of livestock, although both Indians and Mexicans also were taken and enslaved. The Mexicans lost no opportunity to retaliate, with the result that scattered throughout their villages in the valley of the Rio Grande there were more captives of

Navaho blood than there were Mexican prisoners among the Navaho tribe; but in the matter of sheep, cattle, and horses, the Navaho were far ahead in the game of thievery, and even boasted that they could easily have exterminated the Mexicans had they not needed them as herders of their stolen flocks. In consequence, bitter enmity early arose between the Mexicans and the Navaho, which reached its height about the time Col. Stephen W. Kearny took possession of the territory in behalf of the United States in 1846.

In the year named a military expedition was sent into the Navaho country for the purpose of making a treaty of peace and friendship with this marauding tribe; but this treaty, like several others that followed, was soon broken, and the raids continued as before. In 1858 the troubles arising from the plunderings became especially severe and led to several other expeditions, but with little result. The problem became a serious one in 1861, when the Civil War necessitated the withdrawal of troops from the frontier, leaving the way open to the devastation of the country by the Navaho and Mescaleros, until General Carleton, who assumed command of the military forces in New Mexico in 1862, formulated a policy to thoroughly subdue the Navaho and to transfer them to the Bosque Redondo, on the Rio Pecos in New Mexico, where Fort Sumner had been established, and there hold them as prisoners of war until some other plan could be devised. His plan was successfully carried out. By the spring of 1863 four hundred Mescaleros were under guard on the new reservation, and by the close of that year about two hundred Navaho prisoners had either been transferred thither or were on the way. Early in 1864 Col. Kit Carson led his volunteers to the Cañon de Chelly, the Navaho stronghold, where in a fight he succeeded in killing twenty-three, capturing thirty-four, and compelling two hundred to surrender. The backbone of the hostility was now broken, and before the beginning of 1865 about seven thousand, later increased to 8491, were under military control within the new reservation. But the Bosque Redondo proved unhealthful and disappointing as a reservation, while its maintenance was costly to the Government. A treaty was therefore made with the Navaho in 1868, one of the provisions of which was the purchase of fifteen thousand sheep to replenish their exterminated flocks. In July 7304 Navaho, the remainder having died or escaped, arrived at Fort Wingate on the way to their old home, where they have since lived in peace and prosperity.

MYTHOLOGY—CREATION MYTH

In the world below[2] there was no sun and no moon, and therefore no light, yet vegetation in innumerable forms and the animal the animal people thrived. Among the latter were Gray Wolf people, Naklétso; Mountain Lion, Nashtuítso; Badger, Naaschíd; Locust, Wóneschidi; Pine Squirrel, Klozeslskái and Klozeslzhíni; Blue Fox, Mai-Dotlíshi; Yellow Fox, Mai-Iltsói; Owl, Náscha; Crow, Gâge; Buzzard, Jésho; four different varieties of the Hawk people, and many others.

Their world was small. At its eastern rim stood a large white mountain, and at the south a blue one. These formed the home of Ástse Hástin, First Man. A yellow mountain in the West and a black one in thenorth harbored Ástse Estsán, First Woman.[3] Near the mountain in the east a large river had its source and flowed toward the south. Along its western bank the people lived in peace and plenty. There was game in abundance, much corn, and many edible fruits and nuts. All were happy. The younger women ground corn while the boys sang songs and played on flutes of the sunflower stalk. The men and the women had each eight chiefs, four living toward each cardinal point; the chiefs of the men lived in the east and south, those of the women in the west and north. The chiefs of the east took precedence over those of the

[2] Versions differ as to the number of worlds through which the progenitors of the Navaho passed. Some give three before this one, others but one. The version adopted by the Bahozhonchí, a religious order or medicine society whose rites and ceremonies are the oldest and most widely known of any in the tribe, treats of two worlds only: the one below, from which the Digín, or Holy People, migrated in the form of insects, birds, and beasts, and to which the dead return ; and the present, into which was born man in his present image, created of pollen, corn, white shell, turquoise, and rain by the Digín. These Digín were the animals which never assumed absolute material form on this earth, and the gods who perfected the creation. The creation of the world below, together with all food products, plant life, and animals known to the Navaho, is credited to First Man and First Woman, Ástse Hástin and Ástse Estsán ; but the myth does not go back to that creation, nor, save for the plant and animal life and a little earth used in making mountains, does it assume the use of any part of the under world in the making or completion of this. So far as the inhabitants now found in the image of man are concerned, they were made, and first existed, on this earth, and did not develop from a lower order.

[3] The Navaho sometimes vary the assignment of their directional colors by relating, like the Apache of Arizona, black to the east and white to the north.

south, as did those of the west over those of the north.

One day, led by their eight brave chiefs, all the men went off on a hunt. It occurred to the head-chief when they had been gone but a short time that the women should have been instructed to clean the camp thoroughly and bake a quantity of bread while all the men were away; so he despatched the youngest of the four chiefs of the south to the camp to make known his wishes, but instead of doing as bidden, the young chief visited with the head-chief's wife. The hunters were gone four days, at the end of which time they returned with much game, weary and very hungry. To their surprise they found the camp in a very unkempt condition and no bread baked in anticipation of their return. The messenger was called before the headchief at once and questioned as to the directions he had given the women. He explained that he had told the chief of the women what they were expected to do, but she refused to listen to him, and he was powerless to do more. Then the head-chief went to his wife and demanded to know why she had refused to issue his orders to the women. She curtly replied that that was her business and not his; as it was, the women did more work than the men, for they tilled the fields, made the clothing, cared for the children, and did the cooking, while the men did practically nothing, so if they chose to spend a few days in idleness, it was nothing more than they had a right to do and no one's concern but their own. The chief became angry, and during a quarrel that ensued he was told that he and all his followers might leave if they would, for the women could get along better without them.

Remonstrance and reasoning availed nothing; the chief of the women grew more vehement as she argued, so the head-chief determined to put the women to the test. The following morn ing he issued orders that all the men in camp prepare to depart, for the women had declared they could live better independently of them and were to be given an opportunity to do so.

Having decided to cross the great river flowing from the east, work at once began on four large cottonwood rafts to be used as ferries. Four days it took to put all in readiness, and at dawn of the fifth day the crossing of the stream began. Orders were issued that all food supplies, clothing, and utensils be left with the women, save enough seed corn to plant crops the next spring, and no males, infant or aged, were to be left behind. Four *nútli* (hermaphrodites) objected strongly at being taken from the women, but were forced to join the men, as they were

needed to care for the babies. Four old cripples, too weak to move, were left behind, but other than these not a male inhabitant remained in the old village at the end of four days. After all had crossed the river, the rafts were fastened securely to the bank in order that the women might not get them and follow.

As soon as the men had landed they began to work with zeal, for houses had to be built, game caught, skins tanned, and land prepared for crops. They suffered much from scarcity of food and clothing the first winter, but managed to exist. The women, however, had bountiful crops, and all through the late fall and winter could be heard revelling in great delight, feasting daily and dancing much of the time to the music of songs sung by the four old cripples. The following autumn found the men in much better circumstances, for they had grown small crops; but the women were less fortunate. Having none but themselves to work and provide for, they had become negligent from the beginning, dissipating the contents of their granaries and allowing their fields to grow fallow. By the end of the second year clothing had become very scarce, and not knowing how to hunt, they had no way to obtain more skins. The men, on the contrary, had grown more prosperous; their well-tended farms yielded an ample supply of corn for the winter, and the pelts of deer and antelope furnished a deal of warm clothing and bedding. The third year found the men living in ease and comfort, while the women had become reduced to absolute want, many having fallen ill from self-neglect. They called across to the men, pleading to be taken over and promising faithful allegiance, but the chief was resolute and refused to forget how he had been wronged.

Then it was that the youngest of the eight ruling men, in a moment of compassion, confessed his guilt, admitting in a plea to the head-chief for clemency that he was in fact responsible for the attitude his wife had taken. This served only to renew the old chief's anger; he stoutly refused to listen to further appeals and expressed his regret that the first seeds of wrong should have been thus sown. No longer able to keep up the fight, with starvation staring them in the face, and being in nakedness, at the end of the fourth year the women attempted to swim the river in parties, but the attempts resulted only in death, for the swift current would have been too much even for the strongest men to buffet. Seeing this self-sacrifice and realizing that the race would be ultimately exterminated if the women continued it much longer, appeals were made daily to the head-chief to permit the rescue of the

remainder. Four times was he sought to grant such permission before he consented, then at dawn of the fifth morning he gave directions to loose the rafts and ferry the women over. A miserable remnant they were, unclad, wan, and wasted; but a return to the old habits of life soon restored them to their former selves, and peace, happiness, and prosperity reigned again.

The broad river that flowed from the east had its source in two very large springs, a he-spring and a she-spring, in which lived two large Water Monsters. These had a pair of youngsters who delighted in emerging from the depths of the spring and swimming out across the meadows in the shallow water where there was neither current nor river banks. Coyote spied them one day, and being ever a meddler and trouble-maker — though withal a fellow of polished mien — stole them, putting the two under the folds of his jacket.

Now there was no sun, moon, or stars to give light; but in the east every morning appeared White Dawn four fingers high. The midday was lighted by Blue Dawn in the south, and late afternoon by Yellow Dawn from the west. The north remained always dark. On the morning following Coyote's return from his trip to the east, ostensibly to discover, if possible, the source of the dawn, the head-chief noticed that it was not so broad as usual — only three fingers high, with a dark streak beneath. A Wolf man was sent to learn what was wrong. He hurried off, returning at nightfall with the report that all was well in the east. The next morning White Dawn was much narrower and the darkness beneath had increased. A Mountain Lion messenger was despatched to seek the cause. He reported everything in normal condition, but those in camp noticed deer in the distance travelling westward at a rapid pace. The third morning the belt of darkness was wider than White Dawn, which now gave an alarmingly dim light. The chief then sent White Hawk to investigate the trouble, under orders of haste. His report, like that of each of the other messengers, was that nothing unusual appeared in the east. More deer, antelope, and other game animals, however, were seen running westward in apparent fright.

On the fourth morning White Dawn was entirely obscured; nothing but darkness appeared in the east. Sparrow-hawk sped away, returning in a very brief time with the report that water was fast rising in the two springs at the head of the river and might soon spread westward in a great devastating wave. Instantly the camp became a scene of

commotion. Quickly gathering together what corn and other seeds they could carry, the people started in haste for the White Mountain in the east. On reaching the top they saw the waters climbing rapidly up the eastern slope, so they descended and ran to the Blue Mountain in the south, taking with them handfuls of earth from its crest, and from its base a reed with twelve sections, which a Wolf man carried.

From the top of the Blue Mountain it was seen that the wave of water, fast approaching, would submerge them, so snatching handfuls of earth from it they hurried on to the Yellow Mountain in the west. The oncoming wave seemed higher than ever, so again they ran on, this time toward the north, where the Black Mountain stood, taking as before handfuls of earth and another reed, entrusted to Mountain Lion. Here the water surrounded them and slowly crept up the sides of the mountain. The female reed from the west was planted on the western side near the top, the male reed from the east on the eastern slope, and both at once began to shoot upward rapidly. Into the twelve internodes of the female reed climbed all the women, while the men made haste to get into theirs. Turkey being the last to get in, the foamy waters caught his tail, whitening the tips of the feathers, which are so to this day.

The reeds grew very rapidly, but equally fast rose the waters around them. Four days the reeds grew thus, at the end of the fourth day meeting at the sky. This seemed an impenetrable barrier for a time, but Locust had taken with him his bow of darkness and sacred arrows. With these he made a hole in the sky and passed on into the world above-the present earth.

The earth was small, devoid of vegetation of any kind, and covered in greater part by water in which lived four Monsters with great blue horns. These had their homes at the cardinal points, and just as soon as Locust made his appearance arrows came whizzing at him from all quarters. Failing to harm him with their arrows, which he dodged with ease, the Monsters bade him leave at once, threatening immediate death if he tarried; adding that visitors were not desired and were always destroyed at sight.

Locust replied that he intended no harm, but would insist upon remaining with them for a time, for he had many followers for whom he was seeking a home. Seeing that Locust had no fear of them and had proved too agile to be hit with arrows, the Monsters sought to kill him by trickery. Each took two heavy arrows, swallowed them, and pulled

them out through their flanks, saying, "Do this and you may remain." Locust followed their example, escaping unharmed.

"Now," said he, "I did your trick, let me ask you to do one of mine." Then taking four sacred arrows he passed them transversely through his chest, back and forth, one at a time. As he pulled each arrow out the second time he passed it to one of the four Monsters, saying, "If you can do this, my people will not come; if not, then I shall send for them and we shall all make this our home." Each placed an arrow to his chest and pushed, but cringed with pain as soon as it penetrated the skin. Fearing the Monsters might not proceed, Locust quickly blew toward each of the arrows, which shot through their bodies, instantly killing them. In the east now flows Red river, made red by the blood of these Monsters; and holes yet remain through the thorax of the locust.

Impatient at the delay in Locust's return, Badger climbed through the hole in the sky and followed the tracks to where Locust had been in controversy with the slain Monsters. Seeing their bodies lying out in the shallow water, he thought he would go over and inspect them, but he sank into the soft black mud, which made him retreat. The mud blackened his legs, which have remained the same to this day.

With a large stone knife Locust cut off the horns of the Monsters one by one. With those from the one toward the east he made a long sweep with his arm in that direction, and in the distance sprang up an ocean. In like manner he formed oceans to the south, west, and north with the horns of the remaining three. The creation of rivers followed: with a wave of the hand the Rio Grande, the San Juan, the Colorado, the Little Colorado, and others were made. Hair pulled from the bodies of the Monsters was tossed to the winds and from it sprang frogs, snakes, lizards, and reptiles of every kind.

While Locust was doing this the remainder of the people came up. They stood about on the small bare spots of ground wondering what to do. Among them were the four Winds (Nílchi), Black, Blue, Yellow, and White. Each blew toward his respective cardinal point and soon much of the water dried up, leaving a quantity of bare land. But not a sign of vegetation was there at any hand; all was as barren as the desert sands. Luckily each had brought seeds of many kinds from the world below. These they began planting, finishing the task in four days.

After the planting, First Man, First Woman, Wolf Chief, and Mountain Lion Chief each made a speech advising the creation of a

number of mountains similar to the ones they had had in the lower world. This was agreeable to all, and accordingly the work was begun. The handfuls of earth caught up hurriedly from the tops of the mountains below as they were driven off by the rising flood were taken to the cardinal points and deposited in the same relative positions, an equal distance apart, as were the submerged mountains from which the earth had been taken. First Sísnajini, the White Mountain [now known as Cabezon], was made in the east; then Tsótzilh, the Blue Mountain, in the south [Mount Taylor] ; next Dokóöslit, the Yellow Mountain, in the west [a high peak in the San Francisco range], and lastly Depénsa, the Black Mountain, in the north [La Plata, in southern Colorado]. Having yet portions of each handful of earth remaining, two more mountains, called Chóili and Tzilhnúhodihli, were made near the point of emergence in the middle of the rectangle formed by the creation of the other four. To give each moun tain color, white shell, turquoise, abalone, and jet were used for those at the cardinal points, while the middle two were colored with a mixture of all these substances.

When the mountains were finished and the people looked about, it was proposed that a sky should be made to cover the earth. "But," said one, "what of the earth itself; is it not too small to furnish food for the people who shall later come to live upon it?" None had thought of this, but reflection, followed by a discussion, brought them all to the one opinion — they would enlarge the earth and at the same time spread the sky above. Accordingly, the chief who had spoken asked if anyone had a piece of turquoise weighing as much as a man, and the skin of a large male deer which had been smothered to death in pollen. First Man answered that he had. A large white shell and the skin of a doe which had been smothered in pollen were next requested. First Woman responded with them. The two skins were then placed on the ground, side by side, with their heads toward the east. Upon the one was put the turquoise and a piece of abalone shell; on the other the white shell and a pearl. First Man and First Woman then called for Kósdilhkih, Black Cloud, and Ádilhkih, Black Fog. These came and spread out over the skins four times each, lifting and settling each time. When Fog lifted the last time it took up with it the skin with the turquoise and abalone and began to expand, spreading wider and wider until a blue film covered all, in the form of the sky. As the turquoise skin expanded, so also did the white-shell skin, broadening the earth

as it grew. During this period of transition the people all travelled eastward, and being Holy People, covered great distances each day. At the end of the fourth day they stopped. Then also the sky and the earth ceased widening, having reached their present dimensions. Since the two skins had been placed with their heads toward the east, the heads of the sky and the earth are now in that direction.

As yet there was neither sun nor moon to shed light, only dawn, circling the horizon in the four colors — white in the east, blue in the south, yellow in the west, and black in the north. Deeming it necessary that they should have light to brighten the world, and warmth for the corn and the grass, on their return to the earth's centre one of the chiefs made a speech advocating the creation of a sun and a moon.

First Man and First Woman placed two sacred deerskins on the ground as before. On the buckskin a shell of abalone was placed, on the doeskin a bowl made of pearl. The shell contained a piece of clear quartz crystal, and the bowl a moss agate. The objects were dressed respectively in garments of white, blue, yellow, and black wind, and were carried to the end of the land in the east by First Man and First Woman. With their spiritpower Ástse Hástin and Ástse Estsán sent both the shell and the bowl far out over the ocean, giving life to the crystal and the agate as they did so, directing that the one who would be known as Chehonaái, the Sun, should journey homeward through the sky by day, shedding light and warmth as he passed; the other, Klehonaái, the Moon, must travel the same course by night. To each were given homes of turquoise in the east and west, and none but the Winds, and the gods, Haschélti and Haschógan, were to visit them.

Upon their return Ástse Hástin and Ástse Estsán were asked if they would leave the sky in so plain a condition, or if they intended to beautify it with jewels. They replied that it was their intention to dot it with many bright stars. All those who had bits of white shell, turquoise, crystal, pearl, or abalone were directed to contribute them for the making of the stars. These were placed upon the two deerskins by First Man and First Woman. The seven stars of the Great Dipper, Nôhokos Bakún, were the first to be set in the sky. Next, those of Nóhokos Baád, his female complement, were placed in the blue dome. Then followed Etétso and Etetsózi, Sóntso and Sontsózi, and Dílgehet, the Small Dipper, Sonhótsi and Klekái Stái, the Milky Way.

In each instance the arrangement of the stars in the constellation was made when the fragments of precious stones were placed upon

theskins, where Ástse Hástin and Ástse Estsán imparted glowing light to them and delivered them to the Winds to carry to the sky. Only a small portion of the gems had been thus transformed and sent up, when a fine-looking, well-dressed stranger came up to watch the proceedings. In reply to his question as to what was being done, his attention was directed to the sun, the moon, and the many stars already created, while more were soon to follow. The man was Coyote, son of Darkness. He watched the work for a time, when, seeing his chance, he caught the large deerskin containing the pile of jewel fragments and flung it skyward, blowing into the bits four times ere they could fall, scattering them all over the sky. Thus it is that there are myriads of stars irregular in arrangement and without names. As he strode off Coyote explained curtly that there were already enough sacred things to worship.

Then the Winds were stationed at the horizon to guard the earth, and at the four sacred mountains in the east, south, west, and north, to act as messengers for the Haschélti and Haschógan — Talking Gods and House Gods — who had their abodes on them. On the same plane, one behind the other, the Winds were ranged in streaks, White, Blue, Yellow, and Black. Outside of all Coyote placed a streak of Red Wind. This forced itself to the inside many years later and gave rise to disease and premature death, for as the good Winds are life-breathing, so the evil Winds are life-taking. Even now the Red Wind takes the lives of many children every year.

The Digín made their homes near Chóili, close to the place of emergence. It was there that all ceremonies took place. From their homes the people saw a dark Cloud settle and cover the top of Chóili. For four days it kept lowering until the mountain was completely shrouded in dark blue fog. They did not know whether it portended good or evil, but realized that something of moment was at hand. Ástse Hástin ascended the mountain through the fog to learn what it meant, but found nothing unusual. As he turned to descend, a faint, apparently distant cry reached his ears, but he paid no heed. Ere long the same sound came to him again; then a third and a fourth time, whereupon he turned and walked in the direction whence it came. On the eastern slope he found a tiny baby, and wrapping it in rays of sunbeams he carried it home to his wife.

The Cloud that descended was a portion of the sky which had come to meet the Earth; from the union of the two Yólkai Estsán,

White-Shell Woman, was born. In twelve days the baby had grown to maturity, subsisting on pollen only. Ástse Hástin and Ástse Estsán sent messengers to all the Digín to tell them of the marvel and to summon them to a ceremony which would be held four days later. Word was sent also to the gods on the four sacred mountains.

Ástse Estsán dressed Yólkai Estsán in fine garments ornamented with beautiful jewels. At the western side of her hogán she placed a sacred deerskin and laid upon it several wool and cotton blankets, covering the whole with a mountain-lion skin. These were arranged as the seat of honor for White-Shell Woman, for whom was about to be held a ceremony celebrating her maturity.

On the appointed day all assembled. The first matter to decide was the number of songs to be sung. Some wished fourteen, others thought twelve sufficient. Haschélti, Talking God, sang the songs and chose to sing fourteen. When he had finished, each of the Holy People sang six songs, making in all two hundred and eighty-two. An entire night was thus consumed. At dawn Ástse Estsán came into the hogán with a whiteshell bowl containing yucca root, a black *tózus,* or water bottle, containing black rain, and a blue one with blue rain. From each bottle she poured a little water upon the yucca root and proceeded to wash Yólkai Estsán and all her finery. That done, Yólkai Estsán was directed to run toward the rising sun for a short distance and return. Many of the young people followed, a chosen singer chanting eight songs during their absence. The ceremony finished, the assemblage returned to their homes, each of the selected singers taking one of the blankets from the seat in return for his services.

Although all the people then on earth were of the Digín, only a few had god-like powers, particularly First Man, First Woman, Yólkai Estsán, and the Winds. The lesser Holy Ones worked much in clay, making pottery and adobe houses. The designs they used in their earthenware, however, were of a sacred nature, to be used only in ceremonials, and when the Fox, Wolf, Badger, Bird, and many other people repeatedly employed sacred symbols to adorn their cooking pots, First Man and his wife became very angry and called a council, which, in addition to themselves, was attended by Chehonaái, Yólkai Estsán, and Nílchi, the Wind People.

The wicked people had homes throughout the land, many of which were built of stone, upon the plains, and others in the cliffs. The councillors decided that these people and their homes must be

destroyed, but how to effect this was a problem.

First Woman and Chehonaai thought it would be wise to give birth to demoniac monsters and let them devour the evil ones, but First Man objected, and finally the council agreed that the Winds should perform the task by bringing forth a devastating storm. The faithful were warned and given time to seek refuge under the water, inside the sacred mountains, in the higher cliffs, and in the sky. Then the Winds came. For four days terrific storms raged, hurling men and trees and houses through the air like leaves. When they abated hundreds of houses lay in ruins which may yet be traced by heaps of stones scattered throughout the Navaho country.

Soon another council of the same dictators was called, this time to discuss how more people might be created. First Man sent Wind messengers to bring Black Fog Boy and Black Cloud Girl, Precious Stone Boy and Precious Stone Girl, White Corn Boy and Yellow Corn Girl, Blue Corn Boy and All-Color Corn Girl, Pollen Boy and Cricket Girl, and Rain Boy and Rain Girl. These twelve were laid side by side on four sacred deerskins and covered with four others. The Spirit Winds of the west came and blew between the skins; the Spirit Winds of the east came and blew also; then came Haschélti from the east, with rainbows in his hand, calling "Wu-hu-hu-hu-u"; and Haschógan from the south, with sunbeams in his hand. They walked up and gently tapped the skins with their bows and beams. Haschélti of the west and Haschógan of the north came next and gently tapped the skins. Then the skins lifted, revealing twelve beautiful young people perfectly formed. Ástse Hástin bade them arise and stand, and then with Haschélti in the lead and Haschógan behind, they four times encircled the sacred mountains Chóili and Tzilhnúhodihli, halting close to the hole whence the Holy People emerged. There Ástse Hástin made them an extended speech, telling them that they had been brought forth from the elements to people the earth; that they must rear children and care for them as kind fathers and mothers, teaching them to be good to one another; and that it would be necessary for them to plant corn and other seeds at once. The Digín, First Man continued, were about to leave, to go into the rivers, the oceans, the cliffs, the mountains, off to the horizon, and to the sky, but they would ever keep watch over their people and would help those who showed them respect and reverence in prayer and song. To Yólkai Estsán was entrusted future guardianship of the people. It would be her duty to furnish the he-rain and the she-rain, to

fructify all crops, and bring forth abundant grass and seeds.

Then the Digín took their departure, vanishing the people knew not whither. Yólkai Estsán turned westward to her white shell home on the horizon, far out across the wide waters. Arriving there she determined to make a few more people. Cuticle rubbed from her body, with bits of white shell, turquoise, abalone, and jet, she placed between two sacred deerskins, male and female, and called for the Spirit Winds of the east, the Spirit Winds of the west, Haschélti and Haschógan, who came and breathed upon and tapped the deerskins as once before, and lo! there arose four pairs of people.

Each pair was given a walking-stick — one of white shell to one, staffs of turquoise, abalone, and jet respectively to the others. Black Fog and Black Cloud came and spread out over the water. Upon these the new people took up their journey eastward to join others like themselves. For four days they travelled on Fog and Cloud, reaching the earth at the end of the fourth day, where, on the following day, they were welcomed by Chehonaai, the Sun. There, too, the Bear, the Wolf, the Great Snake, the Mountain Lion, the Weasel, and the Porcupine met them at the direction of Yólkai Estsán, to guard them on their long land journey. The Lightning also she made, to protect them from above.

They journeyed eastward, stopping to camp and rest at the end of the first day. For water they had but to prod the earth with their walkingsticks and a spring gushed forth. The first of the four, the man of White Shell, stuck his staff into the ground and water came up at once. "The water is close," he remarked, from which speech he took his name, for the others henceforth called him To Aháni, Water Is Close. The following night the Turquoise Woman brought water, but it was bitter, so she said, from which fact she took her name of To Dichíni, Bitter Water. The man who tried for water on the third night found only a muddy flow, so the others called him Hashklíshni, Mud. The fourth night they camped in sight of the Diné (Navaho) whom they had come to join. The woman of the fourth pair called attention to the houses in the caves, after which theycalled her Kínya Áni, Houses in the Cliffs.[4]

The following day they were welcomed by the twelve who had been created and given dominion over the land but a short time before,

[4] These four names still survive among the Navaho, applied to as many clans.

and from these twenty have the pure-blood Navaho descended.

MIRACLE PERFORMERS

When the Spirit People came upon this earth from below they made six sacred mountains, four on the distant horizon at the cardinal points and two in the centre, Chóili and Tzilhnúhodihli. On the eastern slope of Chóili, brought forth as the daughter of Earth and Sky, was born Yólkai Estsán, White-Shell Woman. First Man took her to his home near Tzilhnúhodihli, where she matured in twelve days into a beautiful woman with supernatural powers. Later she lived in a home of her own at the foot of this mountain. It was while there that she gave birth to twin boys who became saviours of their people, slaying alien gods who were fast depopulating the earth.

Yólkai Estsán would often lie on the eastern slope of the mountain as the sun rose through the morning, and when the day grew warm would seek the shade of jutting rocks from which trickled shining drops of water. Quite unknown to herself she had conceived one day from the sunbeams and the dripping water. When she became aware that she was to become a mother Yólkai Estsán was made very happy, for she did not enjoy living alone. Soon she found herself the proud possessor of twin boys. The firstborn and the stronger came to be known in his youth as Nayénezgani, Slayer of Alien Gods; the other was always known as Tobadzischíni, Born From Water. Their prenatal life covered a period of only twelve days, and maturity was attained in thirty-two days after passing through eight changes, one of which came every four days.

At that time the earth was infested with great giants, foreign gods, who were rapidly destroying the people. Of these, Yéitso, Big God, as large as a mountain, was the only one in human form. The others were Man-eating Bird, Rolling Stone, that crushed all in its path, Tracking Bear, and Antelope, who killed without mercy. Fearing lest some of these monsters learn of the presence of her boys, Yólkai Estsán kept them hidden away on the mountain side, but they chafed under confinement, so she made them bows and arrows and let them play about, but admonished them not to stray far from home. The boys promised to obey, but not long afterward, because in reply to their questions their mother told them she did not know who their father

was, they became sulky and broke their promise, going off toward the east. They would go and search for someone who knew. When on a small knoll a long way from home they heard a whispered "Sh-h."

"Are you afraid, my younger brother?" asked Nayénezgani.

"No!" was the quick response.

Four times they heard the whisper, and then two of the Wind People appeared. "We saw you travelling eastward," said they, "and came to caution you. The land is cursed with alien gods who kill for pleasure; beware of them! Why do you journey thus alone without your father?"

"Our father! Alas, we know nothing of him and are now starting on a search to learn. Do you know who he is?" asked the boys.

"Yes, the Sun is your father; but if you think to find him you will have to travel far eastward and cross the wide, wide waters."

Nayénezgani turned to his younger brother and said, "Sítsili, let us go."

The Sun was then overhead. Being in fact of a holy nature, the boys covered distance rapidly and by mid-afternoon had passed well beyond the limits of their homeland. There they came upon an old woman sitting beside a ladder projecting from a hole. She asked them who they were and whither they were going. They told her to the Sun, whose sons they were, but whom they had never seen.

"I pity you, my grandchildren," said the old woman; "come in here and rest a moment before going on." She started down the ladder and the boys followed. Twelve ladders were descended before her home was reached. The old woman was Spider Woman, the little grandmother who belonged to the Holy Ones. Her home was well kept, clean and comfortable, and the boys were glad to rest. Said she, "My grandchildren, your journey is long and many trials will beset you before you reach the end. Take these life feathers; they will help you; if difficulties befall you, use them," and she gave to each two feathers plucked from a living eagle.

The boys took the feathers, thanked her, and resumed their journey. After travelling a long way they came to a ridge of loose, yellow sand. It afforded poor footing for an ascent, but the boys struggled to the top, only to have the whole side of the ridge slide and carry them back. Three times the bank gave way as they were about to reach its crest ; on the fourth trial they bethought themselves of the sacred feathers, and putting them on their feet marched readily over.

They travelled unimpeded then for quite a long distance, in time coming to four rows of tall, thorny reeds with spiked branches. The reeds grew far enough apart to permit travellers to pass into them, but closed whenever the unwary allowed himself to be caught, and he never escaped. The boys marched boldly up to the reeds and started in, then darted back quickly. The reeds closed instantly, but did not catch them. Then they put the life feathers on their feet again and jumped over all four rows.

The next obstacle was a deep cañon with precipitous walls. This, however, was not a serious impediment, for the life feathers, as before, helped them to cross it in one bound. By nightfall the boys had arrived at a broad, beautiful meadow where lived the Wósakidi, or Grasshopper People, who received them kindly, giving them food and beds for the night. On being asked whither they were bound, the boys replied that they were journeying to the home of the Sun, their father, whom they had never seen.

The Wósakidi cautioned the boys of dangers ahead, and as they were about to depart in the morning gave them little balls of yellow sputum to put in their mouths to prevent poisoning, should they find it necessary to eat or smoke among hostile people, and two sacred wands of turquoise and white shell. Two of the Wósakidi also accompanied them for a time as guides.

They had not been long on their way when they came to a place where the trail ran between two high, smooth-faced bowlders. "These," said their Wósakidi companions, "are the Bumping Rocks. If you step into that narrow passageway between them they will crash together and kill you." The boys started as if to enter, but fell back. The huge rocks came violently together, but did no harm. The feint was made three times, and each time the rocks crashed together and bounded back. The fourth time the boys entered they placed their sacred wands of turquoise and white shell across the gap above their heads and passed through, for these held the bowlders apart. As they emerged on the opposite side they saw the Sun rising from his eastern home and he was yet far away.

Soon a wide stretch of water was encountered; so far as they could see there was nothing but water. Here again they used their life feathers and were carried safely over. Four successive stretches of water and land were crossed, and still a fifth sheet of water lay before them. Along its shores paddled many varieties of animals. The boys looked

out across the deep and could discern away out in the centre a house of turquoise and white shell, its roof glistening in the sunlight. Certain that it must be the home of their father, they readjusted their life feathers to start across, but found that they had lost control over them. They tried them several times in different places, but to no avail.

The thought of not reaching their father's house when so near filled their hearts with bitter disappointment. Seemingly there was naught that they could do, but they sat and pondered.

As they sat there in silence, Snipe Man, a little old fellow, came to them and asked, "Where do you go, my grandchildren?"

"To the home of the Sun," the boys replied.

"Do you know anyone there?"

"Yes," said they, "the Sun is our father." Thereupon Snipe Man placed a rainbow bridge across the water and told them to pass on, first warning them against two large Bears, the Lightning, Snakes, and Wind, who guarded the home of the Sun. They crossed over the rainbow bridge, which took them almost to the door of the house, and there they were met by the Bears with bristling coats. Nayénezgani spoke to them, saying, "I am the child of Yólkai Estsán." They let him pass. Tobadzischíni uttered the same words and passed on also. The same words took the boys past the Lightning, the Snakes, and the Wind, and they entered the house, going through four doorways before coming to the living-rooms in the interior.

There they found an elderly woman, radiantly beautiful, with two handsome boys and girls, the like of whom they had never seen. They stood transfixed as if in a dream until the voice of the beautiful woman, who was the wife of the Sun, startled them, demanding to know how they dared to enter a sacred place forbidden to all save the Digín.

Nayénezgani replied, saying, "This is the end of our journey. We came to see our father, the Sun and this we are told is his home."

The wife raged with anger, making dire threats against her husband if what the boys asserted were true, which she did not doubt since they had found it possible to gain entrance to her home. Could it be that he was the father of many of whom she knew nothing? She would find out. Surely he must have smiled upon most ugly creatures if these two boys were his sons!

It was about time for the Sun to return. As his wife thought of what he might do to the boys, her anger turned to compassion, and she bade them wrap themselves in the clouds that hung on the wall,

and hide. Ere long a great rattle was heard outside, and a moment later the Sun came striding in and hung up his glistening shield. "What strangers are here?" he asked. There was no answer. Again he asked the question, repeating it a third time and a fourth, waxing angry. Then his wife began to scold. She told him that two boys of his, the ugliest creatures she had ever looked upon, had come to see their father, and demanded to know what it meant. "Where are they?" asked the Sun; but his wife did not reply to the question; instead she kept on scolding. The Sun looked about, and noting a change in the clouds that hung upon the western wall, took them down and unfolded them, until he discovered Nayénezgani and Tobadzischíni.

The Sun became angrier than ever and determined to have done with the trouble at once by killing the boys. From the eastern wall of the room projected numerous sharp spikes of white shell. There were turquoise spikes in the southern, abalone in the western, and jet in the northern walls. The boys were each hurled against the first of these, but dropped to the floor unharmed; then against the second, the third, and, the fourth, with a like result. On the floor near the walls sat four large mortars with heavy pestles in them. The boys were placed in each of these successively and pounded, as their father thought, into fragments, but out of this also they came unharmed.

The Sun then waved them to a seat and brought forth four large pipes, two of abalone and two of lignite. He handed two of each to the boys, saying, "I wish you to have a good smoke."

"Beware! " whispered the Wind. "His tobacco is poisoned!"

The boys deftly sought the little balls they had received from the Wósakidi, slipped them into their mouths, and began puffing. When the first pipefuls were finished they laid the pipes on the floor and picked up the other two, showing no sign of distress.

Seeing that the poison tobacco was having no effect on the youthful strangers, the Sun sent for Haschógan and Haschézhini, the House God and the Fire God, to come and build a sweathouse and heat large stones as hot as they could be made, so that they might burst into fragments and fill the sweat-lodge with scalding steam when water was poured upon them. By the time the boys had finished their second pipes, which proved as harmless as the others, the little house and heated stones were ready. Haschógan made the lodge of stone and covered it with earth, erecting double walls on the northern side with a space between, into which he provided an entrance from the inside,

concealed with a flat stone slab.

The Sun looked into the lodge, saw that it was tight, and told the boys to enter. As they passed in Haschógan whispered, "Get behind the stone slab on the north!" Then Haschézhini rolled in several red-hot bowlders and closed the entrance tightly with heavy cloud blankets. White, blue, yellow, and black water was then thrown in, and there followed the sounds of the sizzling steam and bursting stones; fragments could be heard striking the walls on all sides. After a short while the boys heard the voice of their father call out from the east, "Are you warm?" They gave no response. He called again from the south, but received no answer; then from the west; all was silence. "Surely I am rid of them at last," thought he. He called once again from the north, and to his great surprise received a reply. The sweat-house had cooled enough to permit the boys to emerge from their hiding-place, so their cheerful voices came from near the doorway.

"These must be my sons," thought the Sun, and throwing back the blankets from the door he embraced them. My children, whence came you and how did you get here?"

The story of their home at Tzilhnúhodihli, of their long journey across land and water, and of the many obstacles encountered, was soon told. Then the Sun directed his wife and daughters to remould the boys and make them as handsome as themselves. When that was done all entered the house, where on the walls hung many beautiful strings of turquoise, abalone, white-shell, and jet beads, and plates of armor. These were offered to the boys, but they refused them, saying they cared not for jewels, preferring instead to have lightning arrows, strong bows, and heavy knives with which to battle with the giant alien gods who were destroying people in all parts of the earth. The Sun gave them the weapons desired, and when it came time to resume his journey across the sky he took his newfound sons with him.

Near Tsótzilh, the sacred mountain of the south, lived Yéitso, the Big God. The boys wished to try their skill on him first, so their father let them down from the sky upon that mountain. The giant was drinking from a lake and saw the reflection of his new enemies as they dropped upon the mountain. He straightened up quickly and sent an arrow aimed for the body of Nayénezgani, but the boy dodged quickly and responded with a bolt of lightning which stripped the armor from Yéitso's feet. Three more shafts of lightning struck the armor from the hips, body, and head of this fiercest of giants, exposing his vitals to the

attack of the boys, who filled him with arrows, killing him instantly. The Big God's blood began to flow down a cañon. Nayénezgani drew a line across its path with his stone knife, and the blood ceased flowing onward, rising in a wall across the cañon's head, over which now plunges a beautiful waterfall.

The brothers then set off for home, taking the heart of their slain enemy with them. Arriving at Tzilhnúhodihli they found their mother in tears, for she was certain that her boys had been killed and devoured by monsters. Though unchanged in size, so altered were they in appearance that Yólkai Estsán could not believe them to be her own boys whom she was mourning as dead, but the story of their adventures from the time they had left home was soon told, and all rejoiced.

In the days following, Nayénezgani and Tobadzischíni made incursions into the lands of the alien gods, killing them all and freeing the earth from the dread and curse of these man-killing monsters. The first to meet destruction at their hands when they took up their deliberate search for giants was Deilget, Giant Antelope, who had great blue horns upon which he tossed people to death. The next accosted was Tse Nahali, the preying Mountain Eagle, and soon after they sought and killed Tsetahidzilhtuhli, Among The Rocks He Kicks Them Down The Mountain. Then Binayeagani, Who Kills With His Eyes, met death, followed shortly after by Tsenagai, Rolling Bowlder, and Sush Nalkai, Tracking Bear, the last to lose their lives at the hands of the youthful warriors, Nayénezgani and Tobadzischíni, who have since remained the War Gods of the Navaho.

LEGEND OF THE HAPPINESS CHANT

The Hozhóni Hatál, or Happiness Chant, is a nine-days' chant held inside a hogán, and like many of the Navaho ceremonies, it was derived from another tribe. The myth relating to it tells of a renowned warrior who had two beautiful sisters whom he wished to see married, but only to men who should first prove their strength and valor in a feat of arms; so word was sent to all the young men of the warrior's tribe to gather at his home on a certain day, prepared for war, if they wished to enter a contest he would then propose. The girls being coveted

prizes, a goodly number of warriors, painted and dressed in full war regalia, assembled on the appointed day, among them being two old, white-haired brothers, of an alien tribe, who had recently come to live near the Navaho people. The young chief protested at the presence of the old men, declaring that they would only sacrifice their lives in the first combat, for they could have no possible hope of success. The two persisted, however, and were allowed to remain in the van.

Four-days journey from the Navaho country was a village of theÁya Kinné, Have Holes For Houses, enemies from early times. They also prided themselves on having two very beautiful girls, upon whom many admiring young men of the tribe bestowed valuable presents of turquoise, shell beads, and other jewels. One of these wondrous beauties wore her hair plaited always with rich strings of turquoise; the other with strings of white shell.

"To the two men," said the vaunting young Navaho, "who will fight their way to the homes of these boasted beauties and bring to me their jewel-plaited scalps, will I give my sisters."

The band started, each man eager and hopeful, and on the fourthnight bivouacked in sight of the cliffs under which the hated Áya Kinné had their homes. At daybreak on the following morning they made their attack on the pueblo, but the villagers, ever alert and well prepared for an onslaught, offered desperate resistance, every man fighting bravely for his life and his family. All day long the contest raged; arrow, lance, and stone hammer dealing death on every hand. As nightfall shrouded the combatants in darkness'. the invaders, depleted in rank, slunk back to their camp on the hill, where they found the two gray-haired brothers, each bearing a jewelled scalp as his trophy.

When the Navaho chief learned that the old men were the victors, he raged with anger, condemning his tribesmen and vowing that his sisters should never become the wives of unknown aliens, and accordingly declared a new contest. The man who would win a beautiful wife must hit the blade of a yucca plant with an arrow at forty paces. The long, narrow blade was hung in the bark of a tree and the contest commenced. The younger men shot first. One by one they twanged their bows, and one by one marched off in sullen humor. At last it came the turn of the aged brothers. The first shot his arrow, and the slender leaf was pierced; the second shot, and again the leaf was pierced ; but so soon as the second arrow had hit its mark the Navaho declared a new feat, contending that this had not been sufficient. A

long race was then arranged, and once more the brothers came off victorious.

The chief became desperate. Some feat must be devised in which his own men could prove the superior. In the wall of a high cliff not far distant was a small hole, barely larger than a half-closed hand, and just above the reach of the average man. The ones who could run past that hole, jump, and thrust their hands into it as they did so, might claim the sisters. One by one the young Navaho warriors leaped wildly and struck out for the hole in the cliff, but none could thrust his hand into it. Then the elderly brothers ran past, sprang lightly, and darted a hand each into the pocket.

But for the third time the Navaho chief declared the test insufficient. The cliff was high. They who would marry his sisters must shoot an arrow over its rim; so a second contest in archery took place, but only the feathered reeds of the white-haired brothers passed out of sight.

Still the old men were refused the prizes they had fairly won so many times. A dance was called. Finding no way to outdo the two brothers in skill or strength, the young chief left the selection of husbands to his sisters. They should join the men in the dance and go home with whom they chose. The aliens did not join the dancers, preferring instead to remain in their own little brush house half a mile distant, with its single-slant roof, "For it is foolish," said one, "to think that two such handsome young maidens as they are would ever look with favor upon our rags and wrinkles. We would better lie here tonight and rest in sleep after our busy day." Each then brought forth a sacred pipe and tobacco, which they used only on rare occasions. One had a pipe of rich blue turquoise, and the other one of fine, pure white shell. They filled them, smoking in silence. From the distance the songs and laughter of the merry dancers greeted their ears, but not as joyous sounds. Each smoked with apparent resolution, blowing forth cloud after cloud of filmy whiteness, and lo! as they smoked each noticed that the other had grown youthful in appearance! Their tattered garments, too, as insensibly as the creeping shadows, changed their forms, becoming fine shirts, leggings, and moccasins.

At the dance the younger sister asked, "What is it that smells so sweet?"

"I have noticed nothing," the other replied.

"Come over here and face the breeze," said the first; and there, sure enough, came wafts of air sweet and savory. Neither had ever

before scented anything so pleasing, and they determined to follow the aroma against the breeze. The moon shed ample light to guide their footsteps, and once locating the true direction whence the wind came, the two had no difficulty in threading their way straight to the home of the brothers who had vanquished so many rivals in so many feats. Knowing nothing of the men, other than that they were strangers from an alien tribe, the girls were somewhat startled at coming so boldly face to face with them; but a moment's hesitation gave them assurance, for surely, they thought, such finely dressed, handsome men could mean no harm.

Said one: "What it was we did not know, so came to determine if we could; but the most delicious odor we ever smelled seemed to fill the air about us at the dance, coming always from this direction, and now we see that it was the smoke of your tobacco. It must be a wonderful land, where you come from, if tobacco like that grows there."

"That you may see for yourselves," answered the elder brother, "for we have come to take you there if you will but consent to go. Our land is rich in jewels and possesses a soil that grows bountiful crops of many kinds, some of which you have never seen. Marry us and you shall live always in abundance."

The girls consented, and at bedtime retired with their husbands for the night, only to waken in the morning, however, to a sense of horror; for whom should they find beside them but the two grim-visaged old men so cordially hated by all their tribe! They dared not to display their fear and horror before the men, who were quite awake, though feigning sleep, but each read the other's feelings at a glance. Where were they? Where had they been? Had they merely dreamed of meeting two handsome, well-clad strangers in the night? Slowly their memories came back — the last shooting contest, the preparation for the dance, the songs and feasting, the enchanting perfumed breezes, and their quest — they remembered now. But how this change in their companions? They were strangers, and unquestionably magicians who could transform themselves or work spells on others! With this thought the desire for vengeance increased with every pulse-beat.

The day wore on before the women had a chance to talk together apart from their husbands, when they agreed that they would return to their home and tell their brother of the evil worked upon them by the old men, whom they would then soon see killed; but the Little

Whirlwind whispered to them, "Return not to your home; anger fills the hearts of all your people, and it is you who would be killed with clubs and stones." Thwarted in this plan, they determined to leave and search for a distant tribe of which they had once heard, that lived in peace, and had never led the life of marauders. There, surely, they might receive food and shelter and freedom from the sorcery of their husbands. Each would take a separate course upon starting, to meet at a wooded mountain in the east.

All went well throughout the day; the old men rested and made ready for the journey to their home-land, on which they planned to start at daybreak. That night the women did not sleep. When their husbands became wrapt in slumber, they quietly crawled out from their furs, snatched a little food, and glided into the moonlight. They had been gone but a short time when one of the old men arose to stir the fire, and in deep surprise noted the absence of the women. He called his brother and the two held a hurried consultation. They circled the lodge, but in the dimness of the light could discern no guiding footprint to tell the direction in which their young wives had gone. Returning to the camp, they filled their sacred pipes, and in silence sat and smoked. Soon a thin curl of smoke was seen drifting southward, winding in and out among the piñons; then another on the north side. These they followed, bearing eastward, smoking as they went, and as the sun began to tint the higher hills and mountain crests with yellow, bathing all else in purple shadows, they came upon their wives in a little rocky cañon screened by thickly growing cedar and piñon. The smoke foretold the women of their doom, so they were not taken by surprise.

Seeing no way to escape, the girls resigned themselves to fate, and meekly followed the old men back to camp, whence they journeyed with them to the west.

At their home the brothers had wives and children, so they did not herald their new consorts as such, but wedded them at once to their eldest sons. This prospect pleased the two young women, and they entered into the spirit of the new life with zest. They learned the songs and chants of the rites of the Snake and the Bear people — the clans to which these younger husbands belonged — and taught them to a young brother who came to visit them. When the brother returned to the Navaho people, he told them that his sisters were quite happy, and with the songs he had learned from them he originated the Hozhóni

Hatál, Happiness Chant.

LEGEND OF THE NIGHT CHANT

Long years ago three brothers — the eldest rich, the second a wayward, roving gambler, and the youngest a mere boy — lived together among their kind, the Dine people. Their only sister was married, living apart with her husband. The gambler often took property belonging to his brothers, going to distant corners of the land to stake it on games of chance. On returning, he never failed to relate a story of wonders he had seen — the Holy People whom he had met, and who revealed many things to him.

His brothers never believed him, calling him Bilh Ahatíni, The Dreamer.

One day they wished to go hunting, but did not want The Dreamer to accompany them, so, going to the home of their brother-in-law, they told him of their purpose, and all three stole away. As the sun began its descent on the fourth day, it occurred to Bilh Ahatíni that he had been tricked, so he started in search of the hunters, hoping to meet them returning, that he might help them carry their game and be rewarded with a pelt or two. He travelled far, but had not come upon them when the sun passed behind the distant hills. Near by was a deep, rockwalled cañon, from the depths of which many mingled voices could be beard. Bilh Ahatíni walked to its edge and peered over. Back and forth from side to side flew countless crows, passing in and out of dark holes in opposite walls. From below, when darkness had shrouded all, Bilh Ahatíni heard a human voice call in loud echoing tones, "They say, they say, they say, they say!"

From the far side came the answer: "Yes, yes! What's the matter now? What's the matter now?"

"Two people were killed to-day," continued the voice just below.

"Who were they? Who were they?"

To which the first voice answered, "Anahailíhi, killed at sunrise, and Igákizhi, killed at dusk, by the People of the Earth. They went in search of meat, and the hunters shot arrows into them. We are sorry, but they were told to be careful and did not heed. It is too late to help

them now; let us go on with the chant."

It had grown very dark, and Bilh Ahatíni became greatly frightened, but he stayed to listen and watch. Muffled strains of songs came from the deep recesses in each cañon wall, — the gods were singing — and just within the openings, discernible in the glow of a fire, could be seen many dancers performing in unison as they kept time with rattles. Throughout the night firelight flickered from wall to wall and singing and dancing continued. At daylight the participants departed in all directions, so Bilh Ahatíni resumed the quest of the hunters.

He had travelled but a short time when he came upon his brothers, resting their heavy game packs on their journey homeward.

"Here comes The Dreamer," spoke his elder brother. "I will wager he has something marvellous to relate."

Bilh Ahatíni was greeted first by his brother-in-law. "You must have slept near here last night, for you are too far out to have made this distance since daylight."

"I did," he replied, "near a cañon that is surely holy. A lot of people had gathered to dance, the gods sang, and —"

"There, I told you he would have some lie to tell," interrupted the eldest brother, and started on.

"Go ahead," urged the brother-in-law; "tell us the rest."

"It's no use; no one cares to listen to me," said Bilh Ahatíni.

His younger brother, also incredulous, took up his burden and plodded off, whereat Bilh Ahatíni related all that he had seen and heard.

"You men must have killed those people they spoke about," he accused.

"No, it was none of us," his brother-in-law protested; "we have killed no people. Yesterday morning one shot a crow, and last night we killed a magpie, but there was no harm in that."

"I fear there was; they were hunters like yourselves, in search of meat for the Holy People, for the time disguised as birds," Bilh Ahatíni ventured. Then, dividing the pack, the two hurried on to overtake the others.

"Well," asked the youngest, "did you hear a fine story?"

"It is not a lie," his brother-in-law retorted; "we killed a crow and a magpie yesterday, and the Holy People talked about it in the cañon last night. Look! There come four mountain sheep! Hurry, Bilh Ahatíni, and head them off!" They had come upon the cañon where the strange

voices had been heard. Four sheep, among large bowlders near the rim, were carefully threading their way out of it. The three dropped back, while Bilh Ahatíni ran ahead and concealed himself near the ascending trail. As the sheep approached he drew his bow and aimed for the leader's heart, but his fingers could not loose their grip upon the arrow, and the sheep passed by unharmed. Bilh Ahatíni scrambled up over the rim of the cañon and ran to get ahead of them again, but the bowstring would not leave his fingers as they passed. A third effort, and a fourth, to kill the game brought the same result. Bilh Ahatíni cursed himself and the sheep, but ceased suddenly, for whom should he see but four gods, Yébichai, appear before him, who had transformed themselves into sheep! Haschélti, in the lead, ran up to him and dropped his *balíl* — a rectangular, four-piece, folding wand — over him, as he sat, and uttered a peculiar cry. Behind him came Zahadolzhá, Haschebaád, and Gánaskidi; all were masked.

"Whence came you?" Bilh Ahatíni asked them.

"From Kinnínikai," Haschélti answered.

"Whither are you going?"

"To Tségyii, to hold another *hatál* four days from now. You had better come along."

"No, I couldn't travel so far in four days."

But after a little parleying Bilh Ahatíni assented. He was told to disrobe, and doing so Gánaskidi breathed upon him, and his raiment became the same as that of the gods. Then all took four steps eastward, changing into mountain sheep, and bounded away along the cañon's rim.

The hunters in hiding became restless as The Dreamer did not return, so ventured out where they could view the trail on which he was last seen. No one was in sight. One went to the rock where Bilh Ahatíni first hid near the sheep and followed his tracks from hiding place to hiding place until the fourth one was reached, and there he found his brother's old clothes with his bow and arrows upon them. There he traced four human footsteps to the east that merged into the trail of five mountain sheep. The eldest brother cried in his remorse, for he saw that his brother was holy, and he had always treated him with scorn.

The gods and Bilh Ahatíni, transformed to mountain sheep, travelled very far during their four days' journey, coming on the fourth day to a large hogán. Inside were numerous Holy People, both gods

and men. When Bilh Ahatíni entered with his four holy companions, a complaint at once arose from those inside against an earthly odor, whereat Haschélti had their charge taken out and washed with yucca-root suds.

Inside the hogán stood four large jewel posts upon which the gods hung their masks. The eastern post was of white shell, the southern of turquoise, the western of abalone, and the northern of jet. Two jewel pipes lay beside a god sitting on the western side of the hogán. These he filled with tobacco and lighted, passing one each to his right and his left. All assembled smoked, the last to receive the pipes being two large Owls sitting one on each side of the entrance way at the east. They drew in deep draughts of smoke and puffed them out violently. While the smoking continued, people came in from all directions. At midnight lightning flashed, followed by heavy thunder and rain, which Tonenili, Water Sprinkler, sent in anger because he had not been apprised of the dance before it was time to begin it; but a smoke with the assembled Holy People appeased him. Soon after the chant began and continued until morning.

Some of the gods had beautiful paintings on deerskins, resembling those now made with colored sands. These they unfolded upon the floor of the hogán during the successive days of the *hatál.*

The last day of the dance was very largely attended, people coming from all holy quarters. Bilh Ahatíni through it all paid close attention to the songs, prayers, paintings, and dance movements, and the forms of the various sacred paraphernalia, and when the *hatál* was over he had learned the rite of Kléje Hatál. The gods permitted him to return to his people long enough to perform it over his younger brother and teach him how to conduct it for people afflicted with sickness or evil. This he did, consuming nine days in its performance, after which he again joined the gods at Tségyii, where he now lives. His younger brother taught the ceremony to his earthly brothers, the Navaho, who yet conduct it under the name of Kléje Hatál, Night Chant, or Yébichai Hatál, The Chant of Paternal Gods.

CEREMONIES-THE NIGHT CHANT

A description of the ritual and form of the Yébichai ceremony, —

Kléje Hatál, or Night Chant, — covering its nine days of performance, will give a comprehensive idea of all Navaho nine-day ceremonies, which combine both religious and medical observances. The myth characters personated in this rite are termed Yébichai, Grandfather or Paternal Gods. Similar personations appear in other ceremonies, but they figure less prominently.

First Day: The ceremonial, or medicine, hogán is built some days in advance of the rite. The first day's ceremony is brief, with few participants. Well after dark the singer, assisted by two men, makes nine little splint hoops — *tsipansyázhe kedán* — entwined with slip-cords, and places them on the sacred meal in the meal basket. Following this, three men remove their everyday clothing, take Yébichai masks, and leave the hogán. These three masked figures are to represent the gods Haschélti, Talking God, Haschebaád, Goddess, and Haschélapai, Gray God. When they have gone and passed to the rear of the hogán, the patient comes in, disrobes at the left of the centre, passes around the small fire burning near the entrance of the hogán, and takes his seat in the centre, immediately after which the singing begins. During the third song Haschélti enters with his crossticks — *Haschélti balíl* — and opens and places them over the patient's body, forcing them down as far toward the ground as possible. The second time he places them not so far over the body; the third, not lower than the shoulders; the fourth time, over the head only, each time giving his peculiar call, *Wu-hu-huhu-u!* Then Haschélti takes up a shell with medicine and with it touches the patient's feet, hands, chest, back, right shoulder, left shoulder, and top of head, — this being the prescribed ceremonial order, — uttering his cry at each placing of the medicine. He next places the shell of medicine to the patient's lips four times and goes out, after which Haschebaád comes in, takes one of the circle *kedán,* touches the patient's body in the same ceremonial order, and finally the lips, at the same time giving the slip-cord a quick pull. Next comes Haschélapai, who performs the same incantations with the *kedán*. Again Haschélti enters with the cross-sticks, repeating the former order, after which he gives the patient four swallows of medicine, — a potion different from that first given, — the medicine-man himself drinking what remains in the shell. This closes the ceremony of the first day. There will, perhaps, be considerable dancing outside the hogán, but that is merely practice for the public dance to be given on the ninth night. The singer and the patient sleep in the hogán each night until the nine days are passed,

keeping the masks and medicine paraphernalia between them when they sleep.

Second Day: Just at sunrise the patient is given the first ceremonial sweat. This is probably given more as a spiritual purification than in anticipation of any physical benefit. To the east of the hogán a shallow hole is dug in the earth, in which are placed hot embers and ashes, — covered with brush and weeds, and sprinkled with water, — upon which the patient takes his place. He is then well covered with blankets. The medicine-man, assisted by Haschélti and Haschebaád, places about the patient a row of feathered *kedán,* and then commences to sing while the patient squirms on the hot, steaming bed. After singing certain songs the medicine-man lifts the blanket a little and gives the patient a drink of medicine from a ceremonial basket. He is again covered, and the singing goes on for a like time. Later the blankets are removed and Haschélti and Haschebaád perform over the patient, after which he goes to the hogán. The brush and weeds used for the bed are taken away and earth is scattered over the coals. This sweating, begun on the second day, is repeated each morning for four days: the first, as above noted, taking place east of the hogán, and the others respectively to the south, west, and north. The ceremonies of the second night are practically a repetition of those held the first night. During the third song Haschélti enters with the *Haschélti balíl,* placing it four times in the prescribed order and giving his call; then he goes out, re-enters, and takes from the medicine basket four sacred reed *kedán.* These he carries in ceremonial order to the four cardinal points: first east, then south, next west, lastly north. Next stick *kedán* are taken out of the basket, which holds twelve each of the four sacred colors. These also are carried to the four cardinal points — white, east; blue, south; yellow, west; black, north. After all the *kedán* are taken out, Haschélti again enters with the *Haschélti balíl,* using it in directional order and giving medicine as on the night before.

Third Day: It is understood that the patient has been sweated in the morning, as on the second day. On this night he is dressed in spruce boughs by the assisting medicine-man, bound around the wrists, arms, ankles, legs, and body, and fastened on the head in the form of a turban. After several songs, Nayénezgani and Tobadzischíni cut the boughs from the body, using a stone arrow-point as a knife. Then the boughs are cut into fragments over the patient's head, after which the singer takes a feather wand, points it toward the four cardinal points above

the fire, and brushes the patient, chanting meanwhile. At the end of the brushing he points the wand out of the smoke-hole, at the same time blowing the dust from it out into the open air.

Fourth Day: The ceremonies this day do not begin until later than usual, probably nine o'clock. Haschélti and Hasche baád dress and go out. The patient disrobes and takes his place. The assisting medicine-man digs a small hole just between the patient's feet, and encircles it with a line of *táditin,* or pollen, leaving an opening to the east, after which the patient dons a mask. Haschélti enters, followed by Haschebaád, who carries a small spruce tree. The former puts sacred pollen in the hole four times, each time giving his call; then Haschebaád plants the tree in the hole and fastens its top to the patient's mask ; the mask is then pulled off the patient's head by his jerking quickly away from the tree. This is the first night in which the ceremonies are continued until dawn. After the unmasking, the singers take their place at one side of the back of the hogán and begin singing to the accompaniment of a basket drum. A youth and a maiden are required to sit in the hogán throughout the fourth night, the ritual requiring that these be persons who have not had sexual knowledge.

Fifth Day: This is the last day of the sweating, and the day on which the first dry-painting is made. just at dark this painting, a small one, is begun inside. In size it would square about four feet, and is placed close to the back of the hogán. There are three figures in the painting: the central one being the patient, the one to the left Haschélti, the one to the right Haschebakún. Around this painting, at all sides except the eastern, feather wands, *ndiá,* are stuck in the ground; in this case twelve in number. Foot-tracks are made in the sand with white meal. Haschélti and Haschebakún dress ceremonially, mask, and go out, after which the patient enters and takes his position on the central figure of the dry-painting, facing the east. The effort this night is to from his body. The two maskers come running in, uttering weird, unearthly howls, in which every spectator in the hogán joins, feigning great fear. The masked figures make four entries, each like the other. In many cases the patient either actually faints from fright or feigns to do so. The patient then leaves the dry-painting and it is destroyed. None of the sand or other pigments used in this painting is applied to the patient's body, as is done with that of later paintings. The next part of the fifth night's ceremony is the initiation of new members into the Yébichai order. No one who is not a member of the order is allowed to

enter the ceremonial hogán. At the time of the initiation Haschélti and Haschebakún are outside in the darkness. The initiates enter and sit on the ground in a row — the males naked, the women dressed in their ordinary mode. They dare not look up, for should they see Haschélti before being initiated, they would become blind. One at a time these novices take their place in the centre of the hogán and the initiatory rite is performed over them.

Sixth Day: This is the first day of the large dry-paintings. The painting is commenced early in the morning, and is not finished until mid-afternoon. The one on this day is the whirling log representation. After it is finished, feathers are stuck in the ground around it, and sacred meal is scattered on parts by some of the assisting singers. Others scatter the meal promiscuously; one of the maskers uses a spruce twig and medicine shell, applying meal to every figure and object in the painting. Then the medicine-men all gather up portions of the sacred meal, putting it in their medicine pouches. The patient soon enters and takes his seat in the centre of the painting. The usual incantations are gone through, after which the colored sands of the painting are applied to the corresponding parts of the patient's body, then gathered up and carried off to the north. During the day two sets of beggars go out to the neighboring hogans. These personate Haschélti, Tónenili — Water Sprinkler, the God of Water, who is really a clown — and as many Haschebaád as care to go out. The beggars carry whips made of yucca whips made of yucca leaves, and one who does not respond to their appeals for gifts is whipped, — if he can be caught, — which creates a great deal of amusement. The personators act like a company of clowns, but at the same time they gather a large quantity of food. When the day is thoroughly taken up with dry-painting and ceremonies, there is less of the ceremonial at night. The medicine-men, to the accompaniment of the basket drum, sing for a short time only on this sixth night, while outside the late evening is spent in dancing by those who are later to participate in the closing dance.

Seventh Day: This day is practically consumed with the making of another large dry-painting. The masked men go out on another begging tour, also, and the medicine ceremonies and the destroying of the dry-painting are practically the same as those of the day before, while during the evening the medicinemen sing to the accompaniment of the drum.

Eighth Day: The dry-painting is finished about three o'clock in the

afternoon. After its completion there is a large open-air initiation. To become a full member of the Yébichai order one must first be initiated in the hogán ; the second initiation is a public one; the third, another inside the hogán; the fourth, another in the open. These different initiation ceremonies, the same in point of ritualism, may be carried over several years.

Ninth and Final Day : To the average person and to the Indians as a whole the last day is the Yébichai dance. From a distance the Indians have been gathering during the two previous days, and the hospitality of the patient's family, as well as that of all the people living in the neighboring hogans, is taxed to the utmost. And from early morning until dark the whole plain is dotted with horsemen coming singly and in groups. Great crowds gather at the contests given half a mile from the hogán, where horse-races, foot-races, groups of gamblers, and throngs of Indians riding wildly from race-track to hogán fill the day with hilarity and incidents memorable to all. Toward the end of the day preparation is made for the closing part of the nineday rite. Great quantities of fuel have been brought from the distant plateau, and placed in many small piles at each side of the smooth dance ground to the east of the hogán. As soon as it is dark the fuel is ignited, making two long lines of camp-fires, furnishing both light to see the dancers and warmth to the spectators, for the Yébichai cannot be held until the autumn frosts begin, when the nights have the sharp, keen air of the high altitudes.

With the gathering darkness the human tide flows toward the medicine hogán, illuminated in the dusk by the long lines of camp-fires. All gather about and close around the dance square, having to be kept back by those in charge. Men, women, and children sit on the ground near the fires. Many on horseback have ridden up, and form a veritable phalanx back of the sitting spectators. The dance does not begin at once, and those assembled spend the time telling stories, jesting, and gossiping. Belated arrivals make coffee, or do hurried cooking around the fires.

Some distance to the east of the dance ground is a brush enclosure where the dancers prepare for their part in the rite. There, too, is a fire for light and warmth. The men in preparation remove all clothing, save short kilts, and paint their bodies with a mixture of water and white clay. Anyone who may have experienced the enjoyment of a sponge bath out in the open on a cold, windy night can appreciate the

pleasure of the dance preparation. The dancers are impersonators of Navaho myth characters, twelve usually taking part. No qualifications are necessary other than that the participant be conversant with the intricate ritual of the dance. The dance continues throughout the entire night, one group of men being followed by another. The first twelve men dance through four songs, retiring to the dressing enclosure for a very brief rest after each. Then they withdraw, and twelve others dance for a like period, and so on. The first group sometimes returns again later, and the different groups vie with one another in their efforts to give the most beautiful dance in harmony of movement and song, but there is no change in the step. The several sets have doubtless trained for weeks, and the most graceful take great pride in being pronounced the best dancers. The first group of grotesquely masked men is ready by nine or ten o'clock; they file into the dance enclosure led by Haschélti, their naked, clay-painted bodies glinting in the firelight. While wearing masks the performers never speak in words; they only sing or chant. To address one in conversation would incur the displeasure of the gods and invite disaster. Time is kept by the basket drum and the rhythm of the singing.

The white visitor will get his best impression of the dance from a short distance, and, if possible, a slight elevation. There he is in touch with the stillness of the night under the starry sky, and sees before him, in this little spot lighted out of the limitless desert, this strange ceremonial of supplication and thanksgiving, showing slight, if any, change from the same performance, held on perhaps the same spot by the ancestors of these people ages ago. As the night wears on the best group of dancers come out. They are, perhaps, from the Redrock country, or from some other far-away district, and have been practising for weeks, that they might excel in this dance. The most revered song of the Yébichai is the Bluebird song, which is sung at the approach of day, and is the closing act of the drama. With the last words, "*Dóla anyí, dóla anyí,*" the assembled multitude start for their homes, near and far, melting into the gray of the desert morn, and by the time the sun breaks above the horizon the spot which was alive with people a few hours before is wrapped in death-like stillness, not a soul being within range of the eye.

MATURITY CEREMONY

The ceremony celebrating maturity of girls among the Navaho is held generally on the fourth night after the first evidence of the maiden's entrance into womanhood. On the first morning following the moment of this change in life the girl bathes and dresses in her finest clothes. Later she stretches herself face downward on a blanket just outside the hogán, with her head toward the door. A sister, aunt, or other female relation, if any happen to be close at hand, or if not, a male relative other than her father, then proceeds symbolically to remould her. Her arms and legs are straightened, her joints smoothed, and muscles pressed to make her truly shapely. After that the most industrious and energetic of the comely women in the immediate neighborhood is called in to dress the girl's hair in a particular form of knot and wrap it with deerskin strings, called *tsiklólh*. Should there be any babies or little tots about the home, the girl goes to them, and, placing a hand under each ear, successively lifts them by the neck, to make them grow faster. Then she darts off toward the east, running out for about a quarter of a mile and back. This she does each morning until after the public ceremony. By so doing she is assured of continuing strong, lithe, and active throughout womanhood.

The four days preceding the night of the ceremony are days of abstinence; only such foods as mush and bread made from corn-meal may be eaten, nor may they contain any salt. To indulge in viands of a richer nature would be to invite laziness and an ugly form at a comparatively early age. The girl must also refrain from scratching her head or body, for marks made by her nails during this period would surely become ill-looking scars. All the women folk in the hogán begin grinding corn on the first day and continue at irregular intervals until the night of the third, when the meal is mixed into batter for a large corn-cake, which the mother bakes in a sort of bean-hole outside the hogán.

The ceremony proper consists of little more than songs. A medicine-man is called upon to take charge, being compensated for his services with blankets, robes, grain, or other articles of value. Friends and neighbors having been notified, they assemble at the girl's hogán fairly early in the evening. When dusk has settled, the medicine-man begins his songs, singing first the twelve "hogán songs" of the Bahózhonchi.

After he has finished, anyone present who so desires may sing songs taken from the ritual of the same order. This motley singing and hilarity continue until well toward sunrise, when the mother brings in a bowl of yucca suds and washes the girl's hair. Her head and hair are dried with corn-meal, after which the girl takes her last run toward the east, this time followed by many young children, symbolically attesting that she will be a kind mother, whom her children will always follow. The *hatáli,* or medicine singer, during her absence sings eight songs, generally termed the Racing songs. On her return the great corn-cake is brought in, cut, and divided among the assemblage, when all disperse, and the girl may once more loosen her hair and partake of any food she pleases.

MARRIAGE

The Navaho marriage ceremony is always held at the home of the girl. When a young man wishes to marry the maid of his choice, he makes his desire known to his parents, when the father goes to the girl's parents and explains that his son would like to marry their daughter. The girl is then consulted, and if she be willing to marry the young man, the parents of the two open negotiations. A popular, pretty girl commands a considerably higher price than a plain one, though few are married for a smaller bonus than fourteen ponies and a silver belt. Horses, saddles, cattle, sheep and goats, and turquoise-studded silver ornaments are the usual media of exchange in matrimonial bargains. The arrangement of compensatory details, particularly the date of delivery of the articles for payment, often requires a considerable period of time and no little controversy. When finally completed, the date is set for the wedding, which takes place always at night.

The girl's mother fills a wedding basket with corn-meal mush, which figures prominently in the ceremony. About nine o'clock in the evening the wedding party assembles. Anyone may attend, and usually a goodly number is present. The young man and his bride take seats on the western side of the hogán, facing the doorway. On their right the male spectators sit in rows; on their left, the women. The girl's mother, however, does not enter, for a mother-in-law, even in the making, must not look upon her newly acquired son, nor he upon her, then or

thereafter. To do so would occasion blindness, and general ill luck to either one or both parties.

The basket of mush and two wicker bottles of water are brought in and placed before the couple, the bearer being careful to see that the side of the basket on which the top coil terminates is toward the east. The girl's father then steps forward, and from his pouch of *táditin,* or sacred pollen, sifts several pinches on the basket of mush. Beginning at the end of the coil on the eastern rim, he sifts straight across and back, then follows the rim with the pollen around to the south side, sifts across and back, and then drops a little in the centre. That done, the bride pours a small quantity of water from the wicker bottle upon the young man's hands. He washes and pours a little upon hers. Then from the side of the basket toward the east he dips out a little mush with two fingers and eats. The girl follows, dipping from the same place. This act is repeated at the three remaining sides the south, west, and north,— and then the basket is passed to the assemblage, who finish eating its contents. The empty basket becomes the property of the young man's mother, who retains it as a sort of certificate of marriage. The washing of hands and the dipping of mush from the same spot is a pledge that the girl will follow in her husband's footsteps — doing as he does.

When the ceremony is concluded, a supper is provided for all. General conversation and levity while away the hours, the talk consisting principally, however, of sage advice from relatives to both husband and wife as to how they should conduct themselves in future. At dawn the party disperses, the young man taking his bride with him.

"The Navaho"

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